

## Hit me with your car by [pink\\_mistakes](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Abuse, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Car Accidents, Hospitals, I plan on it at least, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, It's Mrs K we all know she be abusing her son, Richies parents are good actually and you cant change my mind, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, car crash, munchhausen by proxy, the title is a vine reference

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

Richie always thought falling in love with Eddie felt like being hit by a car. Until that happened that is. Now he realises that falling in love with Eddie felt way better.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Trigger warning, car-crash and mentions of injuries related to that.

Have fun ;p

Hanging out with Eddie alone is one of Richie's favourite things to do. Driving around with Eddie late at night after the smaller boy snuck out of the house was even better. Just the two of them, the soft playing of some disco-song on the radio that Eddie would nod along to and endless miles in front of them. Sometimes they drove to the edge of town, getting out of the car to stare out past the "Now leaving Derry" sign and into the vast world just out of reach.

Then Eddie would have to take a puff of his inhaler and the moment was gone as they got back in the car and drove back to the Kaspbrak house.

Tonight Eddie's eyes were red when he stumbled into the car, tugging the seatbelt too hard and making it stop abruptly. Richie almost thought Eddie would scream at that, his eyes lighting up in rage, but he somehow smothered it down. The signature fanny-pack was shining with its absence and Richie suppressed a sigh.

It was one of those nights.

"Where to, Eds?" He opened with that, knowing it was no use to try and coax anything out of the other boy at the moment.

"I don't fucking care, just drive."

As Richie left the street Eddie lived on the other boy visibly relaxed and started roaming through the cassettes strewn around the car.

"If you put on any of that metal-shit I'll kick you out of the car by the way," he says offhandedly and Eddie grumbles as he puts down the

cassette he was holding. He knows Eddie likes to listen to it when he's mad but Eddie doesn't realise it just makes him more angry.

“Better that than whatever it is you listen to.”

“Oh please, I know you jerk it to all of my mixtapes.” That earns him a hard smack on the arm, the redness in Eddie's eyes starting to blend with the red on his cheeks.

“Don't be disgusting!”

“That's not what your m-”

“I swear to God, if you make a mom joke I'll throw *you* out of the car.” The tone Eddie uses is enough to shut Richie right up.

A few seconds pass before Eddie sighs.

“Let's just... talk about something else.”

Richie jumps at the invitation and quickly starts rambling about everything and nothing, about the math test he breezed through, about the new videogame he bought last week, the plans his family is making to go up to their summer cabin and the way Greta Keene had started looking at sweet Eddie during lunch.

“It's like wow girl, keep it in your pants!” Richie laughs as Eddie leans forward in his seat and starts gesticulating like he does when he's fired up.

“Okay, first off, girls don't have dicks so what would she even *have* to keep in her pants? Second, she's just staring at me because she wants to psych me, she does that whenever I go to pick my prescriptions up before telling me that they're for my ass-cancer, which, surprise, I don't even have!”

“You might not have ass-cancer, but you do have a stick shoved up there most of the time.” Eddie reaches over and smacks his arm again for the hundredth time.

They stop at a red-light and Richie looks over to the other boy. His eyes aren't as red anymore and there's almost a hint of a smile on his face.

“You’re disgusting.”

“I wasn’t the one discussing whatever it is girls keep in their pants a few seconds ago!” Richie gives Eddie a toothy grin as the light turns green before turning his attention back to the road while Eddie’s face goes red and he splutters for a comeback.

Richie jumps out of his skin when that comeback turns out to be a loud scream, and just as he looks over to Eddie he sees the other boy scramble towards him as a car smashes into the passenger side. For some reason he thinks gripping harder onto the steering-wheel will help. It doesn’t because he still sees the glass-shards rain down on Eddie and his head snap violently to the side while he holds his arms up but they smack him in the face and Richie thinks that his foot is still on the gas so he breaks instead and the airbag blows up in his face and the only thing left to think about is that the car is going to be wrecked.

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Richie thinks that everything is a bit blurry as he lifts his head up and stares out the window. He touches his face but it doesn’t feel like his face because his glasses aren’t there and when he looks over to his side he doesn’t think that it looks like Eddie next to him because Eddie wouldn’t ever have that many cuts in his face. It feels like his chest is torn open and his limbs are filled with sand. His hands are shaking and he’s still gripping the steering-wheel.

“Eddie?” It feels like he’s cutting into skin when he talks, the sound sharp against the eerie silence. The cassette has stopped playing. Eddie doesn’t answer.

Lifting his arm takes more effort than Richie thinks it should, and when he clamps it down on Eddie’s shoulder there’s no response. No recoil from his *unwashed hands* , no trying-too-hard comeback, not even a small smile.

“Eddie y- you alright there buddy?” Eddie answers by having his

head limply fall towards Richie's hand and did Eddie have a nosebleed?

"Hey, quit fucking with me." His voice sounds like sandpaper and his eyes are starting to sting. "I'm serious for once, st- stop it." Did Richie manage to swallow some of the glass shards? Is this why his voice is becoming unsteady and raspy?

"Eddie? Eddie, come on man, y-you're freaking me the f-fuck out!" He shakes Eddie's shoulder slightly. Somewhere in the back of his mind he can almost hear Eddie's voice screaming at him to stop it because *if I have a concussion and you're shaking me the chances of me developing long-term brain damage is much higher stop fucking shaking me you asshole* but he just wants Eddie to wake up and so he starts screaming around the glass lodged in his throat but nothing stirs him, nothing makes those brown eyes pop open and those primly plucked eyebrows crinkle, nothing happens and Richie can't stop screaming and when suddenly there's blue light blinking and alarms blaring he can't hear any of it because what if Eddie's dead then what happens and how will he live with himself and what will he say to Mrs Kaspbrak and what will he say to their friends and will he be able to live with himself?

It's mostly a blur after that. From seemingly nowhere Richie is pulled out of the car and is sat down by an ambulance, someone talks to him until Eddie is *cut out* of the car, Richie can see so much blood and is that bone? Suddenly they're in the hospital. Eddie is wheeled away through white hallways and Richie is forced to another examination room. He has to get stitches where his head smashed into the side-window and in places where glass had bedded into his skin. The doctor sets his shoulder back in place and says something about a concussion. Other than that he says Richie got lucky. He was banged up, he has to use a sling to alleviate his shoulder, and he needs the stitches removed later, but in a few weeks he'd be mostly back to normal.

"What about Eddie?" Except for saying their names when they came in so that their parents could be contacted, Richie hadn't said anything since they arrived. His voice was still scratchy and raw,

maybe more so now. The doctor slumped a bit in his chair and Richie didn't like that one bit. There's a stretched out pause as the doctor just looks at him.

"He's worse off. I won't go into detail but they're still operating last I heard, trying to make sure he's in a stable condition and so on."

Richie nodded, biting his bloody lip. The doctor puts a hand on his shoulder when he starts to shake again.

His parents arrive shortly after, and by then Richie is a crying mess. His mom holds him close, saying how scared she'd been when they rushed to the hospital, his dad's big arms embracing both of them as they sit on the crumpled paper of the stretcher. After some time Richie is discharged and they slowly walk through the hospital. He looks around wildly, hoping to catch a glimpse of Eddie somewhere with a smile on his face saying he was completely okay, but of course he doesn't. Instead he sees Mrs. Kasprbak wailing in one of the waiting rooms and Richie almost drops to the ground. He's frozen in place as the woman turns and spots him, his own mom trying to pull him along as Mrs. K quickly gets up, pure rage written all over her tear-streaked face.

"*You!*" She is about to grab his shirt when Richie's dad steps in and pushes her away slightly. "You did this! You tricked my boy into sneaking out with *you* and look where it got him!"

"Mrs. Kasprbak," his dad starts, but he doesn't get any word in more than that.

"Now my Eddie-bear is *dying* and it's *your fault!*"

"Sonia, be QUIET!" Wentworth forcefully made Mrs. Kasprbak sit down in a chair, her swollen, red face gawking up at him. "Richie isn't to blame and you know it! It was a drunk driver, there's nothing he could've-"

"He could've left my boy *alone!*" Sonia deflates a bit in the chair, pulling out a handkerchief and drying some tears away.

None of the Toziers knows what to say. Richie just stares and his eyes start to gloss over yet again, his heart hurting more than anything else at the moment. Went gives her shoulder a squeeze and opens his mouth to say some soothing words, but Sonia promptly slaps his hand away and glares up at him.

“LEAVE!”

Wentworth sighs and moves away, putting a gentle hand on Richie’s shaking shoulder. The drive home is quiet.

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## 2. Chapter 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Eddie heal alright physically. Mentally?  
Jury's still out on that one.

### Notes for the Chapter:

As you might've guessed, I am a slow writer. Have fun!

Richie went back to school a week after the accident. Eddie didn't. When Wentworth called Sonia on the third day after the accident she told them Eddie was awake, but nothing more than that. The Tozier couple tried to convince Sonia to let Richie visit, but she was unmoveable. None of the other Losers were allowed to visit either, and Eddie wasn't 18. He couldn't make decisions on who was and wasn't allowed to visit, and even if he was, Richie wasn't sure Eddie could go against his mother right now. Eddie might've grown up to become slightly more critical of his mother, slightly more annoyed when she freaks out over his health, but when Mrs. Kaspbrak really wanted to she could still make Eddie crumble under her thumb.

So a month goes by, and there's not a sound from Eddie. Mrs. K will sometimes give updates on how he's doing to the other Losers parents, but it takes a while to make her tell them when he's finally discharged after two weeks in the hospital. Whenever any of the kids try to call she hangs up on them.

Even though he's supposedly home now, it doesn't calm Richie down at all. There are numerous things that could've happened even if Eddie survived. What if he got paralysed, lost a leg, became blind, got severe brain damage? What if he's actually not okay at all and it's all Richie's fault? What if Eddie blames Richie too and that's why he's on radio silence?

When the stitches in his head finally get taken out he still hasn't heard from Eddie and it's driving him insane. He's barely making conversation most of the time, staring straight ahead with empty eyes

and his parents are nagging him to eat more. He's becoming too thin. But he can't bring himself to eat, can't think of anything to say when everything he *can* think about is Eddie. Eddie crying when he came into the car, Eddie laughing not thirty minutes later, Eddie screaming, Eddie bleeding, Eddie being hurt, Eddie *not being here*. He's growing insane because he's not himself without Eddie there and the worry that he might never be himself again scares him more than a fucking clown.

He and the other Losers are just about ready to storm the Kaspbrak household when one morning, a beige car screeches to a halt in front of the school. The group stares as Sonia Kaspbrak struggles out of the driver's seat and it's as if they all collectively lose their breath. Richie is about to run forward from where they're all sitting on a bench under a tree, his entire body jumping to get into action, when Stan puts a hand on his shoulder to keep him back. He turns around and gives Stan a sour look.

“Let me go.“

“No. If you go up to them she'll drive him right back home, we'll go up to him when she leaves,” Stan says and Richie calms down. He's right and they all know it, so they sit back down and look on as Mrs. K rounds the car and opens the passenger door.

It feels like his heart is about to beat out of his chest when he finally lays eyes on soft, brown hair and huge doe-eyes for the first time in over a month. When he sees Eddie slowly stand up with the help of his mom, all four limbs still attached and his face not horribly disfigured, it feels as if he can finally breathe again. It doesn't, however, stop his heart from hurting when he sees the clunky cast on Eddie's right leg, and the bandages still stuck to his arms.

Eddie supports himself against the car as his mother pulls out his backpack and two crutches which she also helps him get on. They talk for way longer than Richie thinks is necessary, because why can't the woman just leave, and Eddie seems to become more and more agitated as the minutes drag on. As Mrs. Kaspbrak is about to leave she drags Eddie into a hug and kisses his cheek, and after what seems like some more debating from Eddie's part, he kisses her cheek back before looking around nervously.

It finally seems to make Sonia happy, so she gets in the car and starts it up, yelling out some more instructions to Eddie who nods as his

face grows darker, before finally, finally, driving off.

No one moves until the car is 100%, no doubt, definitely gone. Then they all scramble up at the same time, yelling out Eddie's name just as the smaller boy manages to turn around and spot them. The smile that first appears is quickly replaced with panic when he realises that none of the Losers thought about slowing down in time, and thus they slam into him all at once, almost making them all fall over if Ben hadn't straightened them all up again. When he lets out some grunts of pain, the Losers quickly loosen their tight grips, but the hug continues.

"First thing all of you do when my ribs are finally healed is crack them again," Eddie wheezes out, but they can hear the smile in his voice and feel him relax into the hug. They all eventually pull back, and Richie can't help but stare at him. Eddie's face is slightly sunken in and pale, evidence enough that his mother really has been keeping him locked up inside, shoving medication down his throat.

Hadn't he needed the meds this time though? Richie had gotten some pain-medication prescribed, and he had barely gotten a scratch. Eddie was standing on crutches in front of him, his leg still in a cast and Richie was suddenly hit with the image of bone poking through, he sees the bandages still on Eddie's arms and for a moment he remembers blood flowing, glass crunching and-

"Richie?"

He looks up from where he's been staring at Eddie's cast, right up into the other boy's face. Eddie in turn, is looking at him with his brow creased. When Richie doesn't respond Eddie looks nervous.

"Are you okay?" It almost makes Richie laugh. Is he okay? Eddie has been gone for more than a month and he's asking if *he's* okay.

"Of course I am Spaghetti," he says with a forced grin. "Now that you're back Mrs K is finally giving me some action again."

That's met with a chorus of groans, and Eddie uses a crutch to smack Richie's side.

"And here I was thinking we actually *missed* the regular you," Stan says, but the small smile gives him away. Eddie is just about to say something when the bell rings, signaling the students to make their way to the classrooms. Bill offers to carry Eddie's bag to class, since they share first period, but Eddie just shakes his head and readjusts it

a bit on his shoulders. The group slowly splits up to get to their respective classes and Richie tries to keep Eddie in sight for as long as possible, before a teacher tells him to hurry up and get going.

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Richie is happy that Eddie is back. He's ecstatic about it. But it doesn't stop him from feeling nauseous when he sees the wound on Eddie's head, hidden slightly by his hair. Or sweat with nerves when he sees Eddie struggle to manoeuvre his backpack around himself to get his things out, rushing up to his side to help him. In the classes they share, Richie helps him sit down and puts away his crutches, and he can't stop glancing at Eddie from the corner of his eye. For as much as he's staring, he really doesn't notice the glares Eddie gives him.

When Eddie heaves a sigh as he sits down for lunch Richie can hear his heart break, and he looks at Eddie concerned.

*It's my fault.*

He keeps staring for a while, nibbling at his sandwich and not really contributing to the conversation. And here everyone thought getting Eddie back would make Richie go back to normal.

"Stop it!" Richie is torn out of his thoughts as Eddie snaps at him. The table quickly quiets down and looks between the two boys.

"What," Richie all but squeaks out. Eddie's face has turned a darker shade of red, his brow is drawn together and he's glaring daggers at him.

"Stop looking at me like I'm some kicked puppy. You've been doing it all day, basically taking things out of my hands because you think I can't do it myself!" Richie gapes for a moment before he tries to speak.

"I'm not doing that, I j-"

"You *are!*" Eddie is already fuming, staring Richie down with a look that screams *don't fucking try me*. Of course, now's the time Richie's trashmouth decides to reappear again.

"Well it's not like I can help it with the way you wobble around on those crutches! You look like Bambi on ice, only difference is that

your eyes are bigger.” Bill grabs Richie’s arm to make him shut up, but the damage is done as Eddie throws the rest of his apple at him and clumsily stands from the table. Ben reacts on instinct and puts a hand out to steady him, but Eddie swats it away as he grabs his crutches and makes his way out of the cafeteria.

Bill again tries to stop Richie, but he’s already on his feet, rushing after Eddie.

It’s not really hard to catch up with the smaller boy, though he got surprisingly far, having almost gotten to the end of the empty hallway. Richie stops in front of him and blocks the way, and Eddie answers by hitting him with a crutch.

“Get out of the way,” Eddie says, seething, and Richie shakes his head.

“I’m sorry, okay? It’s just that... that I want to help you because—”

“I don’t want your help!” he explodes before continuing. “I don’t need it either, so stop it.”

“But—”

“*No!*” Eddie cuts him off again, and besides looking extremely pissed, Eddie looks tired in a way that doesn’t have to do with being injured. “No fucking ‘but’s, no fucking looking at me like I can barely breathe, no fucking *coddling!* I thought you out of all people wouldn’t fucking act like this, but apparently I was wrong. If you can’t stop treating me like a sick *child* then you need to leave me the fuck alone.” Once his little speech was finished, Eddie’s face flushed a furious red and his eyes shone with angry tears. He grabs his crutches harder and tries to shove his way past Richie, but Richie grabs his arm and forces him to look at him.

“I’m sorry.” Eddie still looks pissed, so Richie continues. “I didn’t mean to coddle you, okay? I just... you broke fucking bones. I *saw* your bone poke out of your fucking body, you were passed out, you wouldn’t wake up and then I didn’t get to meet you for *months*, I didn’t know if you were okay or if you were mad at me, if you still are, and all I can think about is that it’s all *my fault*.” Richie was breathing rather hard, seeing the images of Eddie knocked out in the car in his head and he knew he was close to crying. The Eddie that was standing in front of him had grown to look even angrier during Richie’s rant. He was so sure that the shorter boy was about to start screaming that he almost flinches when Eddie’s voice is barely above a whisper.

“You’re an idiot.”

“What?”

“You’re a fucking idiot.” Eddie speaks a bit louder, and the angry tears from before are dangerously close to spilling. “How is it your fault? What reason do I have to be mad at *you*?”

Richie stares for a moment. Eddie was sincere, it was so easy to spot when he was lying. He’s not mad at him. He doesn’t blame him, and before Richie can have the thought to keep it together in public he’s starting to sob. Eddie’s eyes widen for a split second, unsure on what to do as his friend just starts crying. Richie doesn’t let him try to figure it out before he’s wrapping his arms around the smaller boy, shaking as he holds Eddie close. After yet a few seconds of Eddie not knowing how to deal with this, he drops the crutches and hugs Richie back. And that’s the first time in months that Richie feels himself relax completely.

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Yeah so leave a comment or some kudos, chapter 3 might come out faster then ;p

#### **Author's Note:**

Leave some kudos and a comment if you feel like it, much appreciated.

I’m on tumblr, @greypinetree so come over and expose my crusty ass ;p